

# BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

Vol. I.—No. 30.

Lexington, Kentucky, Saturday, November 15th, 1890.

Subscription, \$2 a Year.

Charles P. Moore,  
Editor

## Some Pious People the Worst Enemies to Prohibition.

In this section where there are not many Prohibition papers, I think an effort is made to lessen my influence by making it appear that I am an exception to the general rule of Prohibition editors, in that I say so much against religionists who are against Prohibition.

I think my complaint is common among Prohibition editors.

It's the pious man that gets us down. Prohibition is not afraid of saloon men, nor editors, nor of one kind of politicians. But there is another kind of politician that I must confess gets away with us.

The saloon man, the distiller and brewer, and the Republican and Democratic papers who back them, do not give us any trouble; and the regular liquor papers that are edited in that interest we hardly regard as worthy of attention. All of that gang we can clean out in the conflict of brains against brains, just like the Germans did up the French in the Franco-Prussian war. Then a politician like Senator Jo. Blackburn does not cause much uneasiness to the Prohibition managers. All we have to do for that class is to give them rope and they will hang themselves. Really the Prohibition party of Kentucky could just as well afford to give up George Bain as Jo. Blackburn. There's one little tale they tell about Senator Blackburn that makes us many Prohibitionists as one of Bain's best lectures.

The story represents Senator Blackburn as being away out West among the Indians. The Senator has only a quart left of the daily rations of Kentucky whisky with which he is in the habit of starting out on the business of each day. The Indian finds out the Senator has the whisky and offers him his gun for it. But Senator "Jo," as they all familiarly call him, will not even consider the proposition. Then the Indian offers the Senator his horse for the whisky, but it's no go; and then the Indian offers his farm for the whisky, and the Senator tells him that he has only the one quart and that he is ten miles from his supplies, and that he would not under those peculiar circumstances give that quart of whisky for the whole Indian Territory.

At this point it is supposed that one solid gulfaw will rend the air from the throat of every saloon man, distiller, brewer, ward politician and Democratic editor all over the United States, and that "Jo's" return to the Senate is made all hunkie for another term.

This Indian joke has gotten into this stereotyped matter that Lexington papers buy at 75 cents a yard and print in papers at \$9.00 a year. It takes about two and a half inches to tell this story about "Jo" and the Indian, and whenever a Kentucky Democratic paper's foreman, in "making up the forms, for the paper, wants something to "fill out," that will occupy about two inches and a half, he looks around with no more discrimination as to the material of his paper than a mason would use in the selection of a brick from a pile of uniform quality, and "Jo's" Indian and whisky story is just as liable to go in as a sample brick of Democratic wit as anything else of about that length that may be lying around.

It does not make any difference if right next to "Jo's" joke there is an account of how his friend Judge Marshal Buford has led a drunken maniac through the city at midnight, and trembling with horror and bleeding from wounds has been captured and sent to an insane asylum; the same paper in an adjoining column may tell of how a well-reared young man in a fit of drunkenness walks up behind our good citizen Mr. Wilson, and for no reason on earth except he was drunk, drives a knife to its hilt into Mr. Wilson's bosom, or tells of how drunken men at Flemont, in Kentucky, with shot guns scatter the brains of a noble officer over the hotel of his own door, or how a drunken gang ran a Kentucky judge off the bench, and shot at him as he swims a river, or how a "moonshiner" shoots United States Marshall Rogers in the back, through his

window at night, while for months thousands of Kentuckians inquire anxiously every day if he is living, and reporters go to see and tell about him, and tell how his aged mother traveled through rain and storm on horseback over mountains, and staid by him and watched and worked day and night, until with labor and exhaustion and solicitude, her mother's heart broke, and she died, and they buried her while tears welled up from the heart and streamed from the eyes of nearly every faithful old mother in Kentucky.

The hilarity from "Jo's" Indian and whisky tale is supposed by every Democratic editor in the State to mingle most harmoniously with those tears, and the whisky-blotted Democratic ward politician whose breath stinks with whisky and tobacco, and the nasty tales that he tells is supposed to split his sides over "Jo's" ineffable humor.

The country Democratic physician, who talks at cross roads, and who from being with families where affliction naturally followed in the wake of his ministrations, and who has thus gotten to the hearts of the people, not second to the family minister, though the horse laugh of the town bummer is not required of him, is at least expected to smile when he tells of how funny a man "Jo" is.

Then when "Jo" catches a little United States Senator by the ear and jerks him around, there is not a paper in Kentucky, Democratic or Republican, that would dare to inquire if the redoubtable "Jo" would probably have done this had the offending party been John Morrisey, the New York slugger Congressman, instead of a little defenseless Senator, who may reasonably have feared to resist a man from a State whose distinction was whisky and pistols, and where the crime of using the latter was extenuated by the crime of using the former, on the principle, *"similis similis curatur."*

Then when "Jo" undertakes to bulldoze a fellow out West where they know something about pistols as well as they do in Kentucky, and the fellow, to "Jo's" surprise, is ready for a fight and wants to meet "our Jo" out on the duelling field, and every Democrat in the State that has been whooping "hooray" up in looking for a duel, the gory details of which the newspaper reporters are already outlining in their minds, there comes the mortifying intelligence that follows all the duelling fiascos of these degenerate days, that "friends have interferred," and the *"uncle honored"* has been served up a *"dead mule"*, and the fat is in the fire, the dog is dead, the jig is up, the fun is all spoiled, and the *"quintuplex"* of expectancy lapses into disappointed lassitude.

But "Silver Tongue" is too much for me.

Now I am going to say the ugliest thing that I ever said in any newspaper or anywhere else, and people who want to stop their papers on account of it are requested to send in their cards all at once, and let me get through the job of taking their names off my lists.

I never swore an oath in my life, but last summer a blasted old stray cow got into my hay field and I tried to drive her out. The hay was the thickest I ever saw grow on the ground, and to run through it was as hard as running through a snowdrift four feet deep. But instead of being cold, it was hot as the dickens, and the sweat rolled off me like shot off a shovel.

I ran the durned old cow for a mile and a half through that standing timothy, and when I finally broke down she was at the furthest corner of the field, from the only gate into it, and the field was enclosed by a new wire and picket fence and a strong, new plank fence.

That old stray cow had knocked down fourteen dollars worth of hay and was still tramping around in it where you could not see much of her but her horns sticking up. I was so mad I didn't know what to do, and I came so near swearing, if I did not do it, that I went to the house and confessed to my wife, and let the old cow tramp down about four dollars' worth more.

But I'll tell you what I have concluded: When I do swear my first oath I am not going to waste it upon the desert air of a pauper-stricken stray cow. I am going to swear out that the natives will recollect, like they do "Uncle Tobe's" oath in "Tristam Shandy."

I am going to wait until I get an appreciative audience, and I am going to raise my hand toward high heaven, and say, — such a man as "Silver Tongue."

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A Stockholder of The Blade  
Refuses to Pay His Subscription.

Nov. 8th, 1890.

Mr. C. C. Moore,

Dear Sir:—I have this morning received your second circular letter requesting that I remit ten dollars to you in lieu of my subscription to the incorporated company originally proposed for the publication of The Blue Grass Blade.

I do not consider myself in any way bound to you for this sum, and beg to say without unkindness to you, that I disapprove of your conduct of the paper. I must therefore

have given it on credit.

You see a noble generosity like that of "Silver Tongue" stands in striking contrast with that of "Jo" that would not give "poor Jo" even a drink of whisky. It's hard to down a man like "Silver Tongue." Such men, like Bunker's old chestnut ghost, will not "swallow at the bidding" of ye Prohibition crank, and if they do hard to down a man like "Silver Tongue."

Judge Hunt is the third gentleman who has refused to pay his stock subscription to the Blue Grass Blade.

The first one a banker, Mr. William Sayre, declined to do it on the ground that he had signed his name, and written the figure 1, the latter under the heading "Number of shares," not knowing what he was doing.

The second, Dr. Oxford declined to pay because he said that in my plan of stock could not be represented.

Judge Hunt says he declines to pay because he does not "consider himself in any way."

Of course I would not new have Judge Hunt's money, but I must show why I consider that he has treated me with great injustice, in order that those whom it may concern may understand the radical change in my estimate of him.

So far as any personal kindness to him is concerned, I shall be as ready to extend it, should an occasion offer, as I ever have been, but an indiscriminate exhibition of regard for those who do right and for those who do wrong is neither good morals nor justice to my friends, whom I claim as my friends because they are just and generous.

I do not think that the case of Judge Hunt is either of these.

He plainly says that the ground upon which he declines to pay his subscription to the stock of the Blade is that he disapproves of the conduct of the paper.

As the plainly printed contract that he signed did not commit the paper to any line of conduct, he has no ground to claim a release from his obligation to pay his stock subscription because of any line of conduct that the paper may have adopted.

Common business intelligence should have suggested to Judge Hunt that he had no right to set up such a plea. As Dr. Chin suggested, in his letter to the Gazette, there were over a hundred gentlemen who represented interests as antipodal as preaching the gospel and conducting a State university on the one hand, and running race horses and selling whisky on the other.

These gentlemen were white and black, were Prohibitionists, Democrats and Republicans. They were most enthusiastic Christians and enthusiastic infidels of different shades.

Why Judge Hunt under these circumstances should have picked himself out of all these gentlemen, any of whom are his peers, as being pre-eminently the man whose views of propriety were to be consulted in the editing of the paper, can only be accounted for on the supposition that he has made a mistake, or that he attaches to himself an importance entirely inconsistent with his conceded modesty.

Before the issuance of the first number of the Blade, as a business transaction I would not have discounted Judge Hunt's financial obligation to me at one per cent, without recourse.

After the issuance of the first number and the meeting of the stockholders in the Court House, Judge Hunt's obligation to pay his stock was, if possible intensified by the ratification of that meeting. The animus of the meeting was, that they felt the moral and business obligation to pay me as per agreement, but that they had a right to release themselves from any moral responsibility for the tone of the paper. The evident justice of this position I publicly recognized, and the meeting ended with that understanding without a discussion from Judge Hunt.

A number of the parties present paid me their subscription at the time, others of these present have since paid me, none have declined to pay me, and I believe all will pay me, except Judge Hunt.

I do not want to appear as possibly making an *ex parte* statement of this case, as I acknowledge my great liability to error, and sincerely ask, in justice to Judge Hunt, if any other stockholder, who was present at that meeting, thinks Judge Hunt is right in his view, and I am wrong, that he will so state in a communication to The Blade, that will be published without reply by me, however discreditably to me it may be.

I will not, however, pay any attention to any defense of Judge Hunt, that may appear in any other paper.

If Judge Hunt claims release from his obligation on the ground

that the meeting was informal and without a parliamentary organization, then Judge Hunt pleads an advantage of his own *totidem*, he having been most earnestly requested by the whole house, including myself, to act as chairman on the occasion.

In addition to this, as a means of granting release from this stock subscription to such as wished to be pleased, I published in a conspicuous place my willingness then to release them, with request that all who wished to avail themselves of the opportunity to be released should then so notify me, as I should determine my business of publishing the paper in accordance with their replies, or, I think, words to that effect, which could readily be gathered from the general tenor of the whole paper. The paper has gone regularly to Judge Hunt, and that he has read it is admitted in his statement that he disapproves of its tone.

Neither Judge Hunt nor any other availed themselves of my offered release, and after allowing all abundant time to do so, I, in good faith, made business arrangements, based upon the tacitly admitted obligation to pay me, as agreed upon, and having, as I thought, abundant right to rely upon their honor as gentlemen and their integrity as business men, I, under this conviction, assumed financial responsibilities as I would not otherwise have done.

That Judge Hunt was willing for me to proceed under the business assumption alluded to is recognized by him in the fact that he did not allege any misapprehension on my part on his receiving my first notification of his alleged indebtedness to me.

To the accuracy of my statement as being such, to the best of my knowledge, I am willing to be qualified. I have no thought of any purpose to attempt to collect Judge Hunt's subscription by law, but though he has been a Circuit Judge, and I never stood as an attorney before a bar, I believe I could go into court as my own attorney, before a jury of Fayette County gentlemen who had been legally impanelled, and compel Judge Hunt to pay me.

## LABOR AND CAPITAL.

Bad Sheaf Cuttin' to Supporting the Products of Every Candidate.

Dr. M. E. Duncan, in a very excellent column delivered recently in Utica and reported by The Daily Press, says:

Any day when labor rises in its might at the ballot box, the policy of power, the curse of legislation and the disposition of capital will be in its hands; and so, when labor is weary of oppression at the hands of capital in this country, it can redress its own wrongs by the legitimate means in its possession.

Labor is oppressed by capital in various ways, and from the inadequate pay for the work done. Great corporations water their stock, give to shares of stock fictitious values, and add to the cost of manufacture or transportation sufficient to make a large percentage of dividends on their watered stock and the laboring classes, who are the chief consumers, have to pay it. This is simply legalized robbery, and all watering of stocks ought to be prohibited.

By the side of this stands exemption of capital in government bonds from taxation.

A Vanderbilt with \$100,000,000 has no taxable personal property, while a poor laboring man, struggling, economizing to get a little home in which to shelter his family, must pay on the last farthing of his possessions. True, these bonds were exempted from taxation as an inducement to have them taken when the country was fighting for its national life, and that may have been well at the time, but the war is a quarter of a century past; these bonds are at a premium; why continue this exemption from taxation in the new issue? Let the workingman with a ballot in his hand answer the question.

How are workingmen to obtain relief through the ballot? The leading parties in our country are run by money contributed mainly by capitalists. In view of this fact a single Vanderbilt or Carnegie has more weight in their plans than a hundred thousand workingmen. And it cannot be otherwise so long as these parties require millions of dollars at every important election with which to buy "clients." Money to these parties is right hands, and their left hands are the sabres. The essential difference between them is in being run by different sets of politicians. How can workingmen hope to obtain permanent relief as long as parties run by whisky and money are kept in power? Who will answser Central New York News?

One of our contemporaries is struggling with the question why some men can easily pay five cents for a glass of whisky, but not five cents as an outrageous price for a newspaper, which, published at great expense and labor, gives him the history of the world for a day. It is very seemly as if the willingness to pay is in inverse proportion to the usefulness and permanence of the article examined. The liquor seller not only gets cheap prices without grubbing, but not paid in cash, while the grocer, the baker and tailor are beaten down to the last cent, and have to wait long and sometimes in vain for their pay.—Toronto Globe.

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This is a living illustration of the advisability—when you can't do any better—of "coming through the rye" for a suit to replace the one stolen while you are bathing. It is a positive blessing to lose a suit when you can substitute for it a much better one for \$15.00 at the

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**LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.</**

**Nancy.**

Nicholasville Democrat.

Oh Nancy Hanks, get out of that,  
I love you like a brother.  
To Nancy Hanks goes off my hat,  
I love you like none other.

Oh Nancy you're the Queen of Speed,  
The gods on you bestow it.  
At the next race let all men read,  
And all the Nations know it.

Oh lung of darkness, filled with grit,  
Eclipse O'Shaughnessy's Meg.  
And jocks in unison exclaim,  
"The best that's lifted leg."

**Kaleidoscopic or Moore's he can Chew.**

From Nicholasville Democrat.

He calls his blade the Blue,  
He fights the liquor red.  
He went for a cottage pink,  
And how the blackguards bled.

Some hypocrites turned pale,  
Though robed in garments white.  
The press with envy green,  
Now vomit black as night.

On cadaver superstition  
He means to wage a fight—  
Reform all giddy girls  
In Yellow Silks to-night.

He sets firm to his task,  
A crank inspired, too,  
But his symphony in color  
Is Moore's he can chew.

**Mrs. Josephine K. Henry in the Southern Journal of Sept. 13.**

THE SALOONIST SINGING.

"Oh, how I love Jesus."

We attended church a few days ago, and saw a 250 pound saloon keeper dressed in faultless store clothes, sporting a diamond pin which looked like a juvenile electric light, sitting in the choir holding an open hymn book. To our right sat a gray haired man, bowed with age and grief, whose son had taken his own life in a saloon. To our left sat a sad faced woman who had had one son killed in a drunken brawl, another to die of delirious tremens, and still has one who is the evil nemesis of her declining days, for through the influence of the saloon he racks her life with anguish and terror. All around me were men whose lives and fortunes blighted by whisky, widows with fatherless children who are struggling with this unjust cold world for a support because the saloon has robbed them and put their natural protectors in drunkards graves. And yet with these object lessons in the sanctuary a saloon keeper is allowed to rise in the church and sing "Oh, how I love Jesus."

If the saloon keeper has to be called in to help "enlarge the borders of Zion" we believe we will stay outside, and until the Church can offer something that has a semblance to the Christianity preached by the lowly Nazarine we want none of it. Church people have no right to ask where we get our theology from. We have no doubt that the very churches that tolerate whisky dealers and smile on them, have their eyes fixed on some poor heathen in Africa, who are on the way to church, twenty heathen these men have made. We suppose it is only the idea of a crank, but it does seem that duty prompted by religion would tell us to labor in our own vineyard to keep our heathen drop down to the lowest possible state. What good sense is there going off to foreign pastures to cut down the thorns and briars when our own "woods are full of them." If a bramble bush is set at the door of the temple to catch the poor innocent bums, how can they reach the altar?

"All men are created free and equal." There is not a shadow of a doubt about it. No one questions this but that all men are free and some equal to *most* anything, but where is the nice little maxim in regard to the equality of women? Religion and politics only recognize them in the capacity of subs, when debt lifting, church cleaning, and tax paying are on the tips. Under our present regime it rather looks like both Christianity and Democracy are dismal failures, but we are not of that opinion since neither has been tried.

In the debate in the United States Senate on the admission of Wyoming, Senator Morgan took the ground that the ballot had an immoral influence, therefore, it should not be granted to women. Is that what is the matter with so many of the masculine gender? If so let us work and pray to have it taken away from us. I am sorry to say, the reform will invade the masculine realm. How this woman suffrage question is distressing the most backs. They are as much behind the times as the man that voted for Gen. Jackson in the last election.

The above is from a long article of this gifted and enthusiastic woman, all of which is just as good as this.

This woman writes me a letter on a sheet, upon which is printed a text from the New Testament and tells me that the "Rational View" lies as a hand-book upon her reading table, and that she wanted to lend her eighty-five pounds to turn the grind-stone for THE BLADE.

You see, she has the same complaint to make of these religious people that I do.

I used to preach for the Church at Versailles and she was one of my parishioners, and I could add a touching story to the instances of whisky ruin that she tells of.

You Christian people can see that in a case like this, where a woman has brains and strong moral convictions, your inconsistencies are such that the cords with which you would bind her to the church are scarcely stronger than cobwebs.

Think of compelling a woman like that to stand beside a 250 pound drunk, all but the wollow, and join with him in singing "Oh, how I love Jesus!"

You keep that kind of people in your churches because they help to pay the preacher, and I tell you it will not be long before Rationalism will knock you out.

Let me show you Versailles people the difference between that Christian Prohibition woman and you Christian Democrats.

I used to preach for you Versailles people, and when things got cloudy in my understanding of the Bible, and I told you all so, and got down out of the pulpit and went to plowing in a seventy acre field that stretches out before the window at which I now write. I believe there was hardly a man, woman or child, black or white, in Versailles that was not sorry for it. You all said I was honest and conscientious, and during the quarter of a century that has flown since then, during which I have lived under the ban of religion, you have never heard an intimation of anything I have said or done that was unworthy the character of a Christian.

You have seen me engaged with my paper in trying to overthrow the evil that has drawn the trail of the serpent over your town, and has caused your young men to suicide and murder, and brought sorrow upon heads grown gray since I lived with you.

You say now, just as you did then, that I am honest and conscientious, and that my work is a grand and good one.

The only money that I ever took for any preaching was what I asked you to pay for board in a nice private family and not one dollar of which ever came into my hands, and you would not naturally suppose that I had gone into the editing of a Prohibition paper in this whisky soaked country for the purpose of making money.

Yet, under these circumstances, though I have a good number of papers going to Versailles, of all you who read it only one man has paid me, and he paid me but one dollar.

But as for this woman, "she hath done what she could," and that was to pay me the first ten dollars that I received for a share of stock; then two dollars more when she received the first number of the paper, and writes letters of encouragement to me and my wife in our most discouraging hours, and writes pieces for the paper full of brains and heart.

And yet the chivalry and Christianity of the chivalry to which I preached at Versailles will grant the right of suffrage to that 250 pound tub of g—ts and withhold it from such a woman.

**Sensible to the Last.**

*Editor of The Blade.*—The enclosed article was published in the *Press* some two years ago with a request that answers should be given, and as none were given I then sent them to the *Transcript*, of which no notice was taken, and having much confidence in the editor of the *Gazette* and rather a favorable opinion of the *Leader* I request their publication in each paper and explicit answers.

**It Is Said There Are Two Sides to Every Question.**

*Editor Lexington Press.*—To give the opponents of Prohibition an opportunity to give their side of the question, answers are requested to the following interrogatories:

1. Is not the saloon regarded as a great evil and injurious to the prosperity and happiness of the people?

2. Is it morally wrong to sanction by law, any business that is injurious to public morals and general good of the people?

3. Are not all citizens guaranteed equal rights to engage in any lawful business? The above being true, is it right, by high license, to destroy that equality by creating a monopoly and thus prevent those not able to pay high license from engaging in a business considered lawful?

4. The advocates of high license claim that it makes the saloon more respectable, thereby lessening the evil and increasing the revenue for the support of the government.

5. Has not the power that has the right to lessen an evil the same power to destroy that evil?

6. Should not the government be supported by a tax on the property and not the business of the people when that business is destructive to life and the prosperity and happiness of the people?

7. As gambling houses and houses of prostitution are admitted to be evils would it be right to license such houses and thus make them more respectable and thereby lessen the evil?

The above questions remained unanswered for several weeks and I then sent them to our honorable representative in Congress, Col. Breckinridge, and I will next week publish our correspondence. I request persons to preserve this paper containing these questions. Truly,

J. G. CHURK.

**Rev. Dr. Frazer's Sermon at the Funeral of the Murdered Dr. B. P. Gorham.**

The Blade hopes to print in its next issue the funeral sermon of Dr. B. P. Gorham, who was murdered by Democratic whisky. It touches upon points that the law makers of our country should regard.

**Democratic Memories.**

Some of these Democrats that live in the country are nice enough people, but they have such bad memories that it makes them appear to be bad advantage, and people who do not understand this might suppose them to be telling that which is not true.

They can't recollect from one election to another.

Last summer, a few days after the August election, I was plowing in the smartwood—high enough to hide a yearling calf when the most influential Democrat in the diocese came along and got out of his buggy to have a good talk, while I sat on the plow beam. We were all fearfully wrought up over the way things had been managed out there; and the gentleman seemed to be just as much so as I was. There had been a split in the Democratic party, and the high-toned ones, who had absorbed a little of the circumambient Prohibition sentiment, had concluded to run independent candidates of a moral tone, against the regular old line nominees that believed in the good old way of rolling on the whisky when you want to carry an election.

The gentleman who stopped my plow had gotten a considerable infusion of Prohibition morals, and seemed to hate to appear to vote for a straight out whisky Democrat.

The only money that I ever took for any preaching was what I asked you to pay for board in a nice private family and not one dollar of which ever came into my hands, and you would not naturally suppose that I had gone into the editing of a Prohibition paper in this whisky soaked country for the purpose of making money.

But this nice man who stopped my plow had explained to me that owing to an unfortunate circumstance he had voted for the whisky man against the other man. He said he had gone to the polls early in the morning and had voted before the regular line Democrats had got to rolling out the whisky, and not knowing that they were going to do that, he had unwittingly voted for men who had brought whisky and made the negroes drunk, and he was so mortified that I felt sorry for him, and assured him that I appreciated just how it happened, and told him that under the circumstances it should not lessen my high appreciation of him.

He then added, with the peculiar slow, deliberative style that characterizes his remarks when he is in great earnest, "There's one thing I have made up my mind about, and that is that I am never going to vote early in the morning again. I am going to wait until late in the evening and see how the candidates have been conducting themselves, and then I am going to vote."

I got to the polls before anybody else, because I didn't live but three miles away and I just walked over while other people were getting into their horses. The next man there was the one who as a candidate in August had so offended the sense of propriety of the party allied to. The next man that came was the gentleman who was not going to vote early any more.

The first vote cast was by a gentleman who sat in his buggy outside because he was sick and he was waited upon first.

The next vote cast was by the gentleman who told me in August that he was not going to vote any more.

It was true there was no appearance that the contest between the Democrats and the Prohibitionists would be close enough to induce the Democrats to use any whisky.

But the good man voted the same ticket as the man whose use of whisky at the August election had given so much offense to the high-toned Democrats and both of them voted for Billy Breckinridge, who had distinguished himself by his support of the "original package" outrage, and against Ford, who was opposed to whisky.

The phenomenal weakness of the memories of Democrats is one of the strongest features in the party. This disgust on the part of the more moral element of Democracy against the way elections are managed by the rulers in their party, occurs on an average of once a year, and the moral element among them swears off and is never going to do so any more; but the next time the election comes off they march up and vote the same old way and then make the same old complaint, and so it goes.

If we could just get up some kind of a scheme to educate Democratic memories, Prohibition would be all right.

7. As gambling houses and houses of prostitution are admitted to be evils would it be right to license such houses and thus make them more respectable and thereby lessen the evil?

The above questions remained unanswered for several weeks and I then sent them to our honorable representative in Congress, Col. Breckinridge, and I will next week publish our correspondence. I request persons to preserve this paper containing these questions. Truly,

J. G. CHURK.

**LEXINGTON, Ky., Nov. 8, '90.**

Since our appeal to you two weeks ago through The Blade, asking you to make such pledges to the State Committee as you feel justifiable in doing, and was your duty to do, only two have responded up to and including the date of this letter. That was W. D. Bryant and James M. Coyle of Russell Cave, Ky. The amount of their subscription with a check for \$5, signed Chas. C. Moore, received yesterday, Nov. 7th. I regret having to come before the public in a second issue of this appeal to you. But in view of the position of the State Committee to National Committee, if for

other purpose than self-defence, it must be done.

There is not a man in Fayette County who makes any pretensions to Prohibition, who can not pay at least one dollar per month to the support of the committee, and many of them can do more. The thirteen of us who attended the Conference in Louisville, October 23d, raised about one half of the sum required, aside from the National Committee's pledge. So far as my hooks shows we have pledges now amounting to \$47.20 per month. This amount having been donated by twenty-one men. Our time is limited, having promised Chairman Dickie that we would have a man in the field by December 1st, this is the 8th of November, and you can see the necessity of sending in your pledges at once. This is the first time that the State Committee of Kentucky has ever been offered aid from the National Committee, and is it your disposition to ignore their support? Indeed it seems so.

You may differ with the Committee as to their plan of work; if you do, offer your objections at once and do not keep them in suspense waiting on you to help them.

Most of men say they are not able to give to every good organization. That may be true, but we are only asking you to give to one. Any institution that tends to the betterment of society it is your duty as citizens to maintain and protect; and as you love to dwell on the fact that the Prohibition party contains these elements in its organization you should make some preparations for its advancement. This letter is not unlike others that have preceded it, full of errors, but it expresses what I mean and just what the occasion prompts me to say. Accept this as a *hint* that you are indebted to the committee a sum not less than fifty cents per month and not more than \$100 per month, and which suits your convenience the better to pay, do pay at once.

**Beatty Fence.**

I have as a farmer used the following varieties of fencing: stone, post and rail, plank and post, barbed wire, linked wire, Virginia worm, picket and runner, and three kinds of wire and picket fence, including the "Beatty fence," made by D. H. Beatty, Prohibitionist and crank of this city, and I hereby testify that in a half dozen of the most important elements it is the best fence I ever saw.

Sworn to, on the Dictionary, by me this October 1, year of our Lord, 1890.

**JUDGES DISAGREE.**

**There is Not Unanimity on the Subject of the Original Package Trade.**

Importers of original packages who have been counting on the recent decisions of Judges Foster and Phillips to open up their outlawed trade have reckoned without their host. Judge Shiras has made an important decision in the case of E. E. Speckler, of Coon Rapids, Ia., on a writ of habeas corpus. Speckler was convicted in the Carroll county district court of selling liquor in the original package subsequent to the passage of the Wilson bill, and was sentenced to serve a term of ten days in jail. It was shown that Speckler, acting as agent for an Omaha firm, had sold liquor in the original packages.

Judge Shiras held that in his opinion the points in the Topeka case were misstated by Judges Foster and Phillips; that no point was more definitely settled by the supreme court than the fact that a state had a right to prohibit the traffic in intoxicating liquors.

The original package decision by that court didn't involve the validity of the Iowa law. The question simply arose as to the point at which the state had control of the liquors imported into it. An officer acting under authority of the Iowa law seized some liquor in the hands of the importer's agent and the United States supreme court held that the seizure was an interference with interstate commerce, a subject which the constitution delegates to congress alone. Then congress, in the exercise of this constitutional power, passed the Wilson bill.

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The

Charles C. Moore  
Editor

PLEASE X!!!

To all Editors to Whom "The  
Blade" May Come: Greet-  
ing:

Brother of the Tripod and Plum-  
bage:

Allow me to state to you that  
this shabang does not assume to  
be a Prohibition elemosinary in-  
stitution that dispenses gratuitous  
literary, high moral pabulum to a  
world that hungereth and  
thirsteth after righteousness.

THE BLADE goes to you on the  
supposition that you will exchange  
with me, and there are not half  
of you doing it. What's the mat-  
ter with you?"

Fraternally, but indignantly  
yours, CHARLES C. MOORE  
his newspaper.

Three Other Subscribers to the  
Stock of the Blade De-  
cline to Pay, and One  
Asks to be Released.

Until this time sixty-one of the  
120 subscribers to the stock of  
the BLADE have paid me, nearly  
all of them expressing thorough  
sympathy for the BLADE, and its  
conduct and its purposes.

A number of others have in  
the few days past promised to  
pay, and some who have paid  
me have volunteered to increase  
their subscription when I notify  
them, and one without being re-  
quested has doubled his subscrip-  
tion.

Three others have declined to  
pay, making five in all with Dr.  
Ockford and Judge Hunt.

One gentleman has simply  
asked me if I would release him  
stating that he was so poor he  
could not pay his rent. I have  
released him and have more sym-  
pathy for him than ever, and am  
going to help him whenever I  
get a chance.

Another rich farmer has very  
politely asked me to release him,  
but stating that he would pay me  
if I insisted upon it. I wrote  
him that I had made business  
obligations based upon his pro-  
mise to pay me, that I thought it  
would be unjust not to pay me,  
but I would not contest it if he  
declined to pay me.

He is a thoroughbred, and I  
will be pretty sure to get my  
money.

Mr. John T. Shelby has plainly  
declined to pay me. Mr. Shelby's  
father was, I suppose, recognized  
by the public, who read my very  
sensational first issue, as the com-  
plimented exception in the com-  
mittee that sat on the stage at  
the Mills speech in the Opera  
House here.

Mr. Shelby is the partner of  
Colonel Breckinridge. I believe  
that if the BLADE had been con-  
ducted precisely as it has been  
except that it had been as car-  
nestly for Col. Breckinridge as it  
has against him, that Mr. Shelby  
would have paid his stock sub-  
scription.

Hon. Claude Johnson declines  
to pay his subscription, in a letter  
that is a model of elegance and  
gentility, and in which he encloses  
\$2 for the subscription to  
the paper and tells me he intends  
to be a reader on the BLADE.

I have responded to Mr. John-  
son's letter in the politest and  
kindest terms.

One of the rackets I had to  
stand from the first issue of The  
Blade was a compliment to Mr.  
Johnson, as former Mayor of this  
city, that involved some disappro-  
vement to the present incumbent, his  
successor, who beat Mr. Johnson  
by a notorious instance of the cor-  
ruption in politics that The Blade  
is trying to correct.

Mr. Johnson was formerly a  
chemist and druggist in this city.  
I dealt with him and paid my  
bills promptly on presentation  
without any dispute, until on one  
occasion I sent by a negro house  
girl an order for a dose of medicine  
for a child that was threatened with  
croup, and he sent back by the girl five dollars  
worth of morphine. There were  
no morphine eaters in my family.

Mr. Johnson was the inventor  
of a system for making *fourteen  
year old whisky* in seven days after  
it came out of the still. The full  
particulars of the plan will be  
found in the Transcript, written  
by me, as a reporter, but full of  
evidence of my lack of compre-  
hension of his chemical ideas.

The plan will be remembered  
by many people of this city as  
having required that each barrel

of whisky should be rocked in a  
cradle.

For this purpose Mr. Johnson  
put up a large building on Vine  
street that was managed some-  
thing like one of the "baby  
farms" that they have in Europe.  
Each barrel had its own little  
cradle and they put it in its little  
bed, and a nigger stood by with  
a rope attachment that worked  
whole rows of cradles at once and  
rocked them all the time for sev-  
eral days, that anybody was in sight  
at least, and as now claimed to  
perfect the plan, without cessation,  
all night; the charm all being dis-  
pelled if the cradles are once  
stopped. Mr. Johnson had im-  
plicit confidence that that nigger  
would not one second allow one  
of those cradles to stop rocking  
any time through the night when  
Mr. Johnson was at home asleep.

I could never exactly catch on  
to the idea by which the cradle  
was to make the whisky go older,  
except the general impression that  
nearly all old people had once  
been rocked in cradles; and I sup-  
pose that in rocking the whisky  
there was a sort of Rock-a-bye-baby  
on-the-tree-top, "Rock me to sleep-mother" influence over the  
whisky, that would get the fighting  
quality out of it.

Soon after Mr. Johnson got  
through working his whisky, a  
saloon-keeper on Vine street, who  
was at the time with Mr. Johnson  
in the City Council, painted a  
sign on the side of his saloon the  
words "Fourteen year old whisky".  
I don't know that it was the cradle  
whisky of Mr. Johnsons, but if  
it was, that nigger that was left to  
rock that whisky must have gone  
to sleep and quit rocking and left  
some fight in it, for one of the  
customers of the saloon got his  
brain knocked out with an axe  
handle at that saloon.

But I have no doubt that, as Mr.  
Johnson says, he is in heart a great  
friend to the Temperance cause,  
and that his whisky cradle may  
have been intended to co-operate  
with "Mother Stewart," of Ohio,  
the dear, good old woman who  
about that time was starting the  
temperance crusade in Ohio, from  
which Prohibition has come.

The last party who has declined  
to pay me is Mr. J. T. Slade.  
Mr. Slade is one of the pillars  
of the Short Street Baptist Church,  
whose pastor, Rev. Felix, is a  
stockholder of The Blade, who paid  
his stock before I was ready to  
receive it; who preaches Prohibition  
in his pulpit, and has most generous-  
ly and Christianly endorsed and  
encouraged me in words on the  
streets, and in what, I have been  
told, were probably references to  
me in his pulpit.

Mr. Slade has made his fortune  
as a school teacher and as an engineer.  
In the few words of the inelegant note he wrote me  
he spelled the word *cancel*,  
e-a-n-c-e-l, with a plain dot on the  
i. I paid him once a large bill for  
a large job of surveying. While  
the guest of my house on that occasion  
he so aroused my indignation  
that under other circumstances I  
would have expressed my contempt  
for him at the time in stronger  
terms than I did. He described to me  
exultingly, in the presence of my wife  
who had a young child in her arms,  
how as a school teacher he  
had whipped George Payne most  
brutally, telling with dramatic effect  
how he made the blood run  
from his body. I never was  
whipped by a school teacher in my  
life, and have a contempt for all  
teachers who whip their students,  
and have lately expressed my un-  
mitigated contempt for the way a  
great big double-fisted school  
teacher whipped the small and  
delicate son of Mr. John T. Slade,  
when the boy, that I knew to be  
a splendid child, was acting the  
little hero to shield a classmate.

I was so disgusted with Mr.  
Slade after his story of whipping  
young Payne that I avoided speaking  
to him for ten years afterward.  
I told him at the time that his  
treatment of the boy, from his own  
account, was enough to ruin any boy.  
Payne, in a drunken fit, killed a man and then suicided.  
I suppose he whipped Payne be-  
cause the boy did not spell to suit  
him.

He never did to me nor to any  
other human being that I ever  
heard of, an unkindness.

The whole community where he  
lived, and where his stricken wife  
and children survive him, are dis-  
tressed and outraged, and are trying  
to get the miserable, murderer  
out.

They think if they can kill the  
negro law and justice will have  
been avenged.

But it will not. The low, igno-  
rant negro that did the actual  
shooting that killed Dr. Gorham is  
simply an accessory to the crime.

The people upon whom the original  
responsibility of the murder  
rests, are the leaders of the Dem-  
ocratic party of Fayette county,  
who make the laws that furnish  
that negro whisky, and who, last  
August, near that negro's home,  
taught him that it was right to get  
drunk, induced him to come from  
his home and leave the work of  
his employer to get drunk, fur-  
nished him the whisky to get  
drunk, paid him to get drunk,  
bought his drunken vote for the  
brother of the murdered man, the  
candidate himself furnishing a  
part of the whisky, as he told me  
himself, and the negro is turned  
loose as a madman ready for mur-  
der, as he has done, upon a  
turnpike of which I was  
President, and along which  
my wife and young son, and the  
improvident wives and children of  
other citizens had to ride, and meet  
these brutal drunken creatures.

When Prohibitionists write arti-  
cles against whisky they write  
them with ink. When Democrats  
make Prohibition arguments they  
write them in blood as Drago wrote.

It looks strange that the good  
and intelligent people of the coun-  
try can not see and understand  
these things, or, if they do see  
them it is still stranger that they  
will allow it without a protest.

Upon investigation it will al-  
most certainly be found that that  
very negro was last August fur-  
nished whisky by two officers of  
the law to secure his vote, one be-  
ing the brother and the other the  
nephew of the murdered man.

The Lexington Leader, the  
organ of the "high moral" Repub-  
lican party closes its account of  
the murder in the usual stereo-  
typed explanation of Kentucky  
crimes.

The Leader says: "Duncan has  
the reputation of being a hard drinker  
and a quarrelsome man, and is believed  
to have been more or less intoxicated at the time he  
committed the crime."

You can turn over to the Lea-  
der's editorials and there is the  
everlasting old grind about Dem-  
ocratic and Republican, and a lot of  
old worn out stuff about things in  
States a thousand miles off, but  
there is no suggestion that he  
should for a few moments halt in  
the consideration of tariff and pro-  
tection, and do something to stop  
the cause of this crime that lays its  
deadly victim at our doors.

Missionaries come from India  
and arouse our people to the impor-  
tance of sending money there to  
stop the people from worshipping a  
white elephant, or to China to  
stop their worship of some little  
sticks in a flower pot, and they will  
raise the money, and send the mis-  
sionaries, and sing "From Green-  
lands Icy Mountain, from India's  
Coral Strand," and feel themselves  
so intensely religious. But you  
may beg them in vain for a contribu-  
tion to a cause that wants to  
save women and children from the  
wretchedness that has fallen upon  
Dr. Gorham's family; and the very  
people who will go and sympathise  
with that family and help bury  
their dead, and look for his mur-  
derer; good doctors and Sunday  
School superintendents and church  
goers though they be, will, at the  
very next election buy whisky and  
give it to negroes to get their votes.

I don't wonder that the daughter  
of an India Missionary told me at  
my country home last summer that in  
the many years of her father's life  
in India, he only made three  
conversions to Christianity, and they  
will be prominent feature in the orga-  
nizing work.

At the conference in Wheeling a  
monthly state fund of \$50 per month  
was subscribed, and this will be pushed to  
\$100 or more without trouble.

North Carolina will astonish the Pro-  
hibitionists by her progress.

Chairman Dickie's conference at  
Greensburg was well attended, and the  
enthusiasm was unbounded. The state  
committee was reorganized, and a state  
fund of \$50 per month was pledged on  
the spot. The national committee has  
put the committee in a condition to im-  
mediately start an organizing work, and  
Capt. W. T. Walker, a one armed Con-  
federate soldier, will probably take the  
field without delay. Chairman Dickie  
is greatly rejoiced over the energy and  
determination evinced in the Pine Tar  
state. The new state executive commit-  
tee is as follows: Chairman, and treas-  
urer, Edwin Shaver, of Salisbury; secre-  
tary, J. H. Sontag, of Durham. W.  
T. Parker, Archdale, D. W. C. Bon-  
bon, Greensboro, and F. L. Emery, Worth-  
ville.

Other southern states are feeling the  
stir and are calling for help, and prom-  
ising co-operation. The work must go  
on not only in the south but all over  
the land. The outlook is cheery, the  
promise for the future bright. Let  
every Prohibitionist lend a hand in the  
work.

Well to have the laugh first.

The Prohibitionists of the country  
have been very quiet of late, and if they  
only knew what a delightful relief it  
has been, not only to the wine and spirit  
trade, but to all men of ordinary com-  
mon sense, they would be bounded by  
the most emphatic teachings of a Chris-  
tian civilization to remain in their holes,  
and use reasonable efforts to pull the  
hole in after them. —Bonfort's Wine and  
Spirit Circular.

How the rummies chuckle over the  
fancied "quiet" of the Prohibitionists!

Never laugh too soon, Bonfort. We'll  
see you later, and not very later, too.

Buyer and Seller Equally Guilty.

David Bennett Hill is governor of New  
York, and purchased the office with the  
sale of the presidency to Senator Quay  
in behalf of Benjamin Harrison.—Prov-  
idence (R. I.) Journal, Rep.

Hush! man! don't talk so loud! Some  
of our good Republican church elders  
and deacons may hear you. Of course,  
any man who is not a political baba-  
koo what you say is perfectly true,  
but, bless your heart, our goody-goody  
Republicans won't believe it. Quay to  
them is an angel plastered over with  
Democratic mud.—People.

A Liquor Prosecutor's House Blown Up.

A charge of dynamite was exploded  
under the roof of E. J. Bennett, at  
Berlin Falls, N. H., recently, badly  
shattering the front of the house, but not  
seriously injuring any member of the  
family. Bennett is a liquor prosecutor.

Again an attempted assassination of  
an executor of the law. Put a political  
party in power behind the law, and fully  
committed to it, and we would hear of  
no more such outrages.

A Suggestive Showing.

In 1859 there was one criminal in the  
whole United States to every 3,410 peo-  
ple. In 1890 there is one criminal in the  
United States to every 860 people. Thirty-  
six "wet" counties of Georgia have  
one convict to every 690 people. One  
hundred and one "dry" counties in that  
state have one convict to every 1,328  
people.

The Women at the Polls.

The women of Nebraska propose to  
hold an all day prayer meeting Nov. 4.

This will not interfere, however, with  
having a strong working force at the  
polling places. The women will be there  
with ballots in their hands. They work  
as well as pray.

It's pretty rough, but "the  
blood of the martyrs is the seed  
of the church."

To each Prohibitionist of Ken-  
tucky it ought to show the  
importance of redoubled zeal for our  
cause.

May for Sale, and Grass for  
Rent.

I have fifty tons of the very  
finest pure timothy hay, that I  
want to sell, and which I will deli-  
ver in Lexington, and one hun-  
dred acres of good timothy grass,  
elegantly watered, that will be fine for  
winter grazing, that I want to rent.  
CHARLES C. MOORE.

## THE WORK BEGINS WELL

ACTIVE ORGANIZING WORK START-  
ED IN SOUTHERN STATES.

Chairman Dickie Starts the Ball Rolling.  
Enthusiastic Reception and Strong Co-  
operation Insured—State Organizing  
Funds Raised.

Most encouraging reports are received  
from the states in which Chairman  
Dickie has held conferences with the  
committees and other Prohibitionists.  
The conferences held have all been en-  
thusiastic, but better still they have been  
businesslike.

Very little time has been wasted in  
sentimentality. Organization is the or-  
der of the day, and the plums prepared  
by Chairman Dickie and Secretary  
Thomas have been found well adapted to  
the situation, and are now being car-  
ried out.

In Delaware the campaign was given

an impetus which will show results in  
the November vote. There are devoted  
men in the little state who are willing to  
serve the party, but their efforts have  
been handicapped by the lack of proper  
organization. Next year will see this

retreated.

Maryland Prohibitionists are hard  
workers. An organizer has been in the  
field, but resources were exhausted and  
he was about to withdraw for lack of  
support. Through the help of the na-  
tional committee the work has been put  
on a new and firm basis, and organizing  
work will be continued throughout next  
year.

In West Virginia the Prohibitionists

have gone to work with a vim and energy  
that promises great results. The national  
committee has through a liberal guar-  
antee of support enabled them to place  
at least one organizer in the field. The  
expense of one is already secured, but  
without stopping here they intend to  
push on. The Quest, the state organ,  
will be vigorously pushed. In fact, the  
circulation of state Prohibition papers  
will be a prominent feature in the orga-  
nizing work.

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bon, Greensboro, and F. L. Emery, Worth-  
ville.

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I Want to Get in a Lunatic Asylum, Or a Penitentiary, Or Something.

The Nicholasville Democrat is the only paper around these diggins except the Blade, that has got out of the old ruts of jounalism far enough to do its own thinking, instead of letting somebody else think for it.

It says what it thinks, and thinks what it pleases. And when it comes to religion, Great Caesar! and Holy Moses!

If they would get a few copies of that paper scattered around among the pions brethren of this city, I would look so sanctified, in comparison with that fellow and his sheet, that they would want to make a Sunday School Superintendent of me right awy.

You may know he is bad medicine when I had to call a halt on him about that piece he wrote against letting the preachers be legislators. You recollect, two or three issues ago.

I play the same racket with Pilcher—I am afraid to call him "Brother," in print—that these Lexington editors do when they sympathized with the bereaved family whose son they have got into an inebriate asylum, or a lunatic asylum, or the penitentiary, or his grave, or in hell—if there is any such place—and privately pat the saloon keeper on the back, and tell him to do it again, that it's a good joke etc., etc., and makes papers sell.

I write old Pilcher private letters and tell him to do it again: but you better bet your bottom shiner that I am not going to back him in my newspaper.

No, I am not quite solid enough with the preaching brethren for that racket yet. I may get them educated up to it yet.

It's a little noticeable that, being a Democrat, these saintly Lexington editors don't call a halt on Pilcher's theological views.

I dare him to turn Prohibitionist, and talk that kind of preaching. He gives me lots of taffy in his paper—by the column at a time—poetry and prose, and of course my vanity would make me want to print it: I give you a little sample elsewhere. "But who in the thunder can do any good with a blasted old weekly paper? Raise me \$5,000 and I will clean the state of Democracy in two years. I am a farmer, and the Farmers' Alliance and I are as thick as any other thievers, and I can work a combine between them and Prohibitionist that will knock the persimmon in two years. They will be a double team, working *tandem*, with Prohibition in the lead, and Hibbler would give a thousand dollars if he hadn't a few in the track and gone back to the Democrats and the Benjamins.

Old Brother Goddard writes that he is afraid I souked it to Hibbler rather rough; but I have not heard of a Lexington Prohibitionist that has shed a tear over it, and some of the rascals laughed like the dickens. I feel sorry for Hibbler, now that I have gone and done it. He's between hawk and buzzard. Judge Mulligan would not touch him politically with a ten foot pole, and the Blade is going to see that he don't get back among the Prohibs; and if he wants to join anything he will have to go in the Shakers, or the Republicans, or the Mormons, or some of those outside institutions.

No, Brother Goddard, bless your sweet life; you are one of these beautiful characters that "believe all things, hope all things, endure all things," and old Tolstor and I have a model born over yonder in Syria, a couple of thousand years or so ago, that we going to try to work up to, and get where you are to.

I'll bet buttermilk that if a dog were to bite you, you would rather give him a bone to gnaw on to keep him from doing it again, than to kick him.

Hibbler would look mighty nice to a man who was looking at him from Harrodsburg to Lexington; but he's one of these cases where "distance lends enchantment to the view." The further of you get him the better he looks.

I think if he were on the other side of the ocean, and had no chance to get back but to swim across on a nail, I would like him too.

I think the sentiment among the Prohibs here is that I got away with Hibbler just in time to keep him from getting away with us.

They tell now that he said after poor dear dead Brother Fisk, and Brooks, got so left in the sun,

that "Democracy was good enough for him," and that Prohibition would never get there handi capped by women suffrage, and all that racket Damon got off on us at Louisville. They say that speech of his, where he flattened me out in

the Court House until I felt myself looking like a sick kitten that the willipups wallipups had run over was a sort of a spring board, so to speak that he was using for a regular seven elephant political summerault, and that he actually voted the Democratic ticket last Tuesday, but is never leaked out until I had got in my work on him, and the wind was all out of his sails, the bladder that he was saving for Christmas was prematurely bursted, and the saw dust all knocked out of his doll baby, before the public now for the first time hear the announcement of that was intended to the "friendly suit."

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Or if it appeared that I would not be safe in the Asylum I could get transferred to the penitentiary for libel, and I could mighty soon show the warden that he could make more money out of me by buying up a controlling interest of the stock of THE BLADE, and letting me run it, than he could make by putting me to bottoming chairs. I could get to be a "trusty" enough, but if I were fixed there as I would like to be, I am satisfied that the things that I would tell from my personal experience with Kentucky Democrats, gained when I was a reporter on a Democratic paper, would make it healthier for me to stay pretty close inside.

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